CHRISTMAS CAROL.

The music of this Carol to be obtained of Firth, Pond & Co,
547 Broadway, New York.

The cold wind sweeps the branches bare,
And the icicle hangs from the eaves :
And the sparkles dance thro' the frosty air,
While the Spirit his carol weaves.
To young and old, to sad and gay
A merry greeting on Christmas day !

Now leave the fire, and bring the sleigh,
And wrap up in furs so warm !
A crack of the whip..hurrah ! .. and away !
Who thinks of the sleet or storm ?
The merry bells and voices gay
Are the music I love on a Christmas day !

The Christmas Candles are bright and tall,
And the night it is dark and cold,
And the hearth-fire shadows half-sadly fall
On the circle of young and old.
"Come, children, the Spirit seems to say,
And tell us what you have learned to day."

The matin bell was sweet and clear,
And the holly was bright to see ;
And a word from our Holy mother dear
Was spoken right joyously :
"The prince of life, she said, to-day
Was born, and poor in a manger lay."

She told : How shepherds watched the night,
When the Son of the Highest was born :
How the wise men brought their treasures so bright,
And the angels waked the morn.
We know for Whom we keep the day :
For Him who once in a manger lay.

O Jesu, Savior, once a child,
Come, teach us to be like Thee ;
Thou shalt be King with a rule so mild,
And we Thy servants will be.
To feed the hungry shall be our play,
And make the sad happy on Christmas day.

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